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BRITISH PLANTS.

Since the discovery of America the gardens in Great Britain have received 2,345 varieties of trees and plants from thence—and more than 1,700 from the Cape of Good Hope—besides a vast number received from China, the East Indies, New Holland, Japan, and different parts of Africa, Asia, and Europe—so that the list of plants now cultivated in England exceeds 12,000 varieties.—*London and Paris Observer.*

SEAL OF THE DEAN OF CLONMACNOIS.

A short time ago while a labourer was engaged in digging a grave in the old burial ground of Tassagh, which lies four miles south of Armagh, and which the tradition of the district points out as the site of an ancient friary, he found a curious brazen seal, with a handle attached to it by a hinge—



the wood cut above is the size of the original, and an exact copy of the face of the seal, which is very rudely engraved, and is inscribed, "Sigillum Marci Linch, Decan. de Clonmacnosii"—"The Seal of Mark Linch, Dean of Clonmacnois." I have not been able to discover at what period Linch was dean of that ancient bishopric, but it must have been prior to 1568, as in that year it was united to Meath, and I believe there has not been either a Catholic or Protestant bishop, or dean and chapter of it, independent of Meath, since that time. I find that the townland of Tassagh was the property of the regular canons of St. Augustin, of the abbey of Saints Peter and Paul, Armagh, and it is likely that the friary was a branch of that celebrated abbey. There was also an abbey of the same order at Clonmacnois—and Archdall in his "History of the Monastic Institutions of Ireland," informs us, that several of the religious of that order came to Armagh to spend the evening of their lives. Now it is not unlikely that Dean Linch, having become unable to perform the duties of his office, retired to the secluded friary of Tassagh, and there spent the remainder of his days.

J. C.

Many passionate men are extremely good natured, and make amends for their extravagancies by their candour and their eagerness to please those whom they have injured during their fits of anger. It is said that the servants of Dean Swift used to throw themselves in his way whenever he was in a passion, because they knew that his generosity would recompense them for standing the full fire of his anger.—*Edgeworth's Practical Education.*

It is a curious fact that the Duchess of Tyrconnell, the lady of Richard Talbot, lord deputy of Ireland in the reign of James II., after that monarch's abdication was driven by

distress to keep one of the stands in Exeter-change, in the Strand, at that time a fashionable place of resort, at which she sold millinery, the labour of her hours by night, in an obscure apartment in which she slept. It was then the custom of women in public to wear masks, and the duchess in her little shop, uniformly appeared in a white mask and dress, and was called by the loungers of that day, "The white widow." Her rank was accidentally discovered, and she had afterwards a pension granted her from the Crown during her life.

In Clew bay, on the western coast of Ireland, there was formerly an island, called Minisb, the surface of which, in the reign of Charles I., was twelve acres in extent, as is proved by several public documents of that period. On being measured in the year 1814, it was found to be only 420 feet long, and 30 broad. In 1816, it entirely disappeared. The island of Clare, in the immediate neighbourhood, furnishes another example of the destructive action of the sea on those coasts. Bounded every where by cliffs of immense height, it is continually corroded by the ocean, which has worn deep caverns, into which, when agitated, it throws immense blocks of stone, detached from the cliffs, with a noise that is quite appalling.

ANIMAL ATTACHMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—A friend was chatting with me a few days ago of the strong attachment that often subsists between animals of different species, and, in the course of conversation, he told the following story in illustration of it, which struck me, owing perhaps to his manner of relating it, as more than usually interesting, and even touching:—

Some six or seven years ago, an old and valued horse, was, by a kind master, dismissed to wear out the evening of his days, as a reward for a long life of service, in the repose and quiet of the small and rocky island near Dublin, known as Ireland's Eye;—a few deer from the park of Howth Castle were his sole companions in this solitude. In the lapse of time, he was deprived of the society of all of them but one; they had either been stolen or shot by the "Bucaneers" (as my friend termed them,) of that coast. One aged stag for some time survived the rest of his mates, and, between him and the "venerable recluse," a feeling of companionship had for a long time been ripening into a strict friendship and warm regard. At last one fatal day the poor horse sought his ancient friend, but in vain. He wandered in search of him over every spot and corner of the island—but found him not. It was too evident the stag had shared the fate of his companions. The loud and oft-repeated neighings of the poor horse were re-echoed from every rock; he appeared to call his friend by every affectionate intonation, straining his ears and sightless eye-balls in every direction, but no answer was returned, save by the hoarse voice of the waves breaking on the shore. He was even seen to endeavour to ascend the spots that had been the wonted haunts of the stag, where the precarious footing combined with his want of sight to render the attempt dangerous, and almost impracticable. At length he seemed to be aware that his toil was in vain, and that further search there was useless. He formed his resolution, and, with an instinct almost inconceivable, he turned his head towards the main land, and committing himself to the waves swam to shore.

He now directed his course to the well-remembered avenue of Howth Castle, still continuing his fruitless search, and was found moping about the once familiar stables. From thence, however, he was speedily led back to his island, but again he swam ashore during the night, and was again at the stable yard gate the next morning.

Brought back once more, he was spangled or tethered on the island for nearly a fortnight, till at length it was supposed he had forgotten the recent events, and had again become reconciled to the place. But the very morning after the restraint had been removed, he had returned to Howth. The dreary solitude of that abode, with which he had hitherto been content, appeared to have become intolerable to him; he evidently was pining away from the loss of the companion to whom he had so long attached himself, and he was now too old to form new friendships. He was suffered to drag on the remainder of his existence where he pleased—and in a short period his sorrows were at an end.

O'G.